Impervius, Not

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Impervius, Not

by lumosatnight

Summary

> “Malfoy."
>
> The lift doors squeak open to reveal Draco Malfoy, his silver-blonde head thrown back in raucous laughter, his long white neck stretching delightfully. Harry swallows his suddenly dry throat.
>
> “What are you doing here?”

Harry Potter, hailed Saviour of the Wizarding World, and Draco Malfoy, former Death Eater acquitted of all crimes, are newly appointed Auror partners. What will happen when these old schoolyard rivals slowly but surely turn into hesitant friends, and then maybe something more?

Fluff and obligatory pining, trips to the pub, umbrellas in the rain, accidental snuggles, more fluff and more pining. That’s what happens.

Notes

Drarry’s Daily Drabbles: One continuous Drarry story told in daily drabbles and droubles. I’m not actually sure if that’s how drabbles are supposed to work, but I thought it would be a fun challenge. I also sprinkled in a couple of classic tropes because why the hell not?

Featuring: missions gone wrong but what else is new in Harry’s life, the bestest most supportive friends Harry or Draco could ever ask for, characters being terrible at expressing their emotions, Robards being so done with everyone’s shit, aggressive letter writing, and an absurd amount of staring, like kdrama levels of staring.

Almost Three Years

Almost three years since leaving Hogwarts and the blasted war behind, and Draco's done alright for himself.

A new set of non-black robes, a new non-slicked haircut, a new non-prejudiced outlook on life.

After the trials, he had jumped at the chance at joining the Auror program, wanting to shed his reluctant Death Eater image. They were so desperate for applicants they even let his pasty face in.

But still the rumours followed him, rumours about his real loyalties and reasons for working in the Ministry.

He is not, in fact, planning another Dark Arts insurgence. Quite the opposite actually, rounding up his former allies and the remaining followers of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

Oh, hell. He should be able to say it by now without cowering in fear.

"V-Voldemort," he whispers into the empty office. He anxiously glances around waiting for narrowed eyes of crimson fury.

"Voldemort," he says louder, gaining confidence.

"Voldemort!" he yells, standing from his desk and shouting into the deserted space.

"Voldy-Voldy-Voldemort!"

He laughs suddenly at the absurd picture he makes. On the cusp of becoming a full-fledged Auror, and he can *finally* say the preposterous name out loud.

Overall, Draco thinks he's done pretty well for himself.

Back at the Office

Back at the office.

Harry can't believe his luck, forgetting his papers *yet again.* He needs them all completed before tomorrow when they'll be assigned an Auror partner and finally start real fieldwork. He can't wait to have a partner in fighting crime.

As long as it's anyone but—

"Malfoy."

The lift doors squeak open to reveal Draco Malfoy, his silver-blonde head thrown back in raucous laughter, his long white neck stretching delightfully.

Harry swallows his suddenly dry throat.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was organizing my notes." Malfoy averts his eyes and licks his lips nervously. "I wanted to be ready for tomorrow."

"That's… good," responds Harry distractedly, his thoughts wandering to Malfoy's wet pink lips.

Harry blinks, refocuses.

"Right," he says after a lengthy pause, "I'll just grab my stuff and go then."

Malfoy doesn't respond. He sits back down at his cramped desk and ignores Harry as he hastily retrieves the damned paperwork and flees.

Harry has lived through a lot in his short twenty years of life: a basilisk, dementors, a murderous dark lord to name a few.

But he needs his new Auror partner to be anyone but Malfoy.

Or he might just die.

Casework

“Casework will be split evenly between both partners. If I get even a whiff that one person is not pulling their weight, they’ll have more than me to answer to.”

Head Auror Robards glares imperiously at the fresh graduates. For such a short man, he sure exudes authority in droves. No one would dare get on his bad side.

“Bones and Weasley, you’ll be working together.”

Ron shuffles forward sporting a large smile and enthusiastically high-fives Susan.

Harry manages to throw him a congratulatory grin before eagerly returning to waiting for his name to be called.

“Malfoy, you’re with Potter.”

"Don't even go there"

“Don’t even go there,” Harry says to his closest friends, slouching into his uncomfortable seat at a grimy pub around the corner from the Ministry of Magic.

“I think this could be a good opportunity for you,” says the traitor Hermione.

“I don’t know, mate. He’s still an arsehole, even if he’s more subdued now,” Ron, his remaining best friend, says in a low voice.

“Harry should work on letting go of the past and give him a chance. I’ve heard he’s changed a lot since school.”

“I’ll slug him for you if you want.”

Hermione swats her boyfriend roughly on the arm.

Just then, Susan wanders up. Hermione immediately embraces her in a hug and Ron bumps her shoulder in a friendly way.

Why can’t he have that with Malfoy?

Harry peers around the crowded pub, past new and old Aurors in red robes. His eyes fall on a thin pale man sitting alone, nursing a glass of expensive-looking alcohol. Though, Harry supposes, anything is expensive compared to his cheap pint of watery beer.

Before he can look away, the man glances up from his glass and stares at Harry with his fascinating grey eyes.

Harry doesn’t look away.

Emerald Eyes

Emerald eyes stare at him from across the pub.

Draco didn't want to come celebrate tonight, but Susan had convinced him. Damn Hufflepuffs and their never-ending friendliness. They say Slytherins are conniving, but Hufflepuffs are something else.

"Come on Draco. It's been forever since you've drank outside your flat," Susan had said.

"I promise to stay with you the whole time so you don't feel left out."

What a load of bollocks. He watches as Susan gets absorbed into the golden Gryffindor posse.

Emerald eyes are still staring at him.

What does Potter want now?

It was bad enough that he and Potter were supposed to get along during training, but now they're expected to complete missions together and interact daily. He doesn't need more excuses to think about Potter's endearingly messy hair or strong brown hands.

This is getting ridiculous. He looks up from his whiskey and glares back at Potter with his startling green eyes.

Potter continues staring.

Draco doesn't look away.

He raises one blonde eyebrow questioningly.

Potter stands from his spot and slowly approaches, refusing to break eye contact in their unofficial game of "Who will yield first?"

He takes the empty seat next to Draco.

Forget It

“Forget it,” Harry blurts.

“Forget what?”

“Let’s forget about it. What’s passed has passed. If being partners allows us to leave the past behind, then I’m ready to move on.”

Malfoy stares at him unblinking.

“Alright, Potter. I agree this time. Don’t expect it to happen often.”

It’s his usual sarcastic tone, but his pink lips curl with amusement.

“Great,” says Harry relieved. He couldn’t handle arguing with a flushed and angry Malfoy everyday, smoky eyes flashing with passion.

“To Auror partners.” He brings his pint up for a toast. Malfoy brings his glass to meet Harry’s.

“To being partners.”

Grey Eyes

Grey eyes laugh at him from across the trussed up body.

“Merlin, Potter. You couldn’t have been more graceful, could you? You look ridiculous.”

“At least I caught him, Malfoy. You were no help at all.”

“I was apprehending the accomplice before she ran off.” Malfoy points to a stunned figure slumped by the wall a few feet away. “With more finesse than you, I might add.”

Harry merely grunts in annoyance and extracts himself from the murky puddle of water he managed to land in. Freezing clothing clings to his adrenaline flushed skin.

“Ugh! This bloody sucks,” he says, realizing a proper drying charm won’t work on his wet robes already laden with numerous protection spells.

On a reckless impulse, Harry starts unbuttoning the front clasps of his red Auror robes. He hastily removes the heavy water-soaked garment and begins on the tight vest underneath.

Malfoy clears his throat and quickly turns away.

“Since it seems you have everything handled, then I’ll meet you back at the Ministry.”

He walks away from Harry and grabs the stunned accomplice preparing to Disapparate.

Harry stares after him, watching his long toned legs and slim waist confidently sauntering down the narrow alley.

Habits are Easy to Form and Difficult to Break

Habits are easy to form and difficult to break.

Draco knows. *Oh, does he know.*

He glances over at Potter for the third time in just as many minutes. He's recently picked up the disgusting habit of staring at perfect Potter during missions. It's just to check his partner's position; he swears that's all it is.

But no matter how hard he tries, he can't stop noticing powerful arms and broad shoulders.

That's, coincidently, what Draco is doing right now, watching Potter deftly avoid a nasty curse and hurl one in return.

The perpetrator's accomplice sneaks out from a dark corner nearby and tries to attack Potter from behind.

Unacceptable. He can't have that.

Brandishing his wand at the young girl, Draco stuns her in place just as he hears a shout up ahead. Potter flails hysterically then crashes into a gigantic puddle and becomes instantly soaked.

Draco inhales sharply.

Gorgeous, he's fucking gorgeous. Potter all flushed and sweaty from the duel, wet clothes clinging to him mercilessly.

Draco turns away as Potter begins unbuttoning his shirt, revealing more of his fit form.

He rapidly escapes the too narrow alley with a Harry Potter in too few pieces of clothing.

Immediately Following

Immediately following their “Wet T-shirt Contest”—Susan had jokingly nicknamed the embarrassing debacle—not much changes between Malfoy and Potter.

The reluctant crime fighting duo bicker and banter as usual, throwing around *git* and *idiot* like it’s their real names.

If, when chasing after a reckless Potter, Draco can’t help staring longingly at his nicely formed backside and…

If, late at night when they’re the only ones left in the empty office, Harry can’t help imagining Malfoy leaning his head back and exposing a slender unmarked neck…

Well, it’s an Auror partner thing and no one else has to know.

Jealousy Is Not a Particularly Common Feeling

Jealousy is not a particularly common feeling for Harry.

He remembers being jealous of Dudley's excessive birthday presents and Ron's easy laughter with his family, but he's never been jealous of a singular person before.

He refuses to believe that's what he's feeling now, as he watches Pansy Parkinson cling to Malfoy's arm and bat her eyelashes flirtatiously. Malfoy rolls his eyes fondly at her and continues gliding across the packed floor.

The annual Ministry ball is in full swing. Harry fidgets uncomfortably in his dress robes.

At least this time he isn't required to show off his abominable dancing skills with a less than enthusiastic date.

The Yule Ball might've been fun for some, but for Harry it's one of his worst memories, even worse than dying. Dying is quick, easy, nothing like the never-ending mortification of dancing in a crowded room.

Harry wonders if Malfoy remembers the Yule Ball. He remembers a teenage Malfoy with slicked-back hair, lounging casually in impeccably tailored velvet robes. Also, with none other than Parkinson holding tightly onto him.

Suddenly, Malfoy is behind him, the curve of his sharp chin nearly resting on Harry's shoulder, his deep voice breathing directly into Harry's ear.

Knowing You

“Knowing you Potter, you’re planning a stealthy escape and I’ll be stuck explaining your disappearance to Robards later.”

Potter jerks in surprise.

“Malfoy,” he greets, embarrassed, “What gave it away?”

“You, standing here like an idiot and NOT dancing when over half the girls would love for the Boy-Who-Lived to sweep them away.”

“Git,” Potter responds.

“Draco, darling!” Pansy coos, approaching them. “Let’s go outside for a drink. It’s positively stuffy in here.”

She grabs Draco’s arm possessively.

“Don’t disappear on me, Potter,” Draco says warningly before walking away with Pansy.

“He’s still staring,” Pansy giggles.

“Potter isn’t like that.”

“Really? He can’t seem to keep his eyes off you.”

“If he wanted, he could’ve just asked me to dance.”

“Maybe he needs more incentive.”

Before Draco can respond, she reaches up and forcefully bends his head down to whisper in his ear.

“Now, pretend I said something funny and laugh loudly.”

“What? I’m not—”

Manicured fingers tighten painfully in his tousled hair.

“HAHAHA HA,” he blurts out.

Pansy releases him.

“Your acting needs work,” she says, swiping champagne from the nearest waiter and pulling Draco through the balcony doors.

Behind them, Potter angrily stomps out of the Ministry ball.

Love Has Many Forms

Love has many forms: familiar, platonic, romantic,... sexual.

Sometimes it's playful and affectionate. Sometimes it's obsessive and consuming. Sometimes it's fleeting, sometimes enduring.

It can be selfish or it can be selfless.

And still, love is love.

Malfoy is meticulous, organized, controlled. He is smart, cautious, and always has a plan.

Potter is rash, messy, chaotic. He charges headfirst into danger and throws all plans out the window (and is usually infuriatingly fine after).

Malfoy and Potter, Potter and Malfoy, opposites in more ways than one.

Somehow they make it work.

Love may or may not be part of it.

Malfoy Is No Longer Malfoy

Malfoy is no longer Malfoy. He is Draco.

Somewhere in between watching skilled hands spout curses from a hawthorn wand and joking about botched missions over drinks at the pub, Malfoy has become Draco.

Harry finds himself hoping he and Draco can always be partners working together.

When Draco is assigned a mission abroad and someone—not Draco—fills in for the week, Harry almost blows up the office five times, frustrated by the temp's incompetence. The moment Draco returns, he throws himself at a startled Draco and pulls him into a crushing hug, radiating sheer relief at having his partner back.

Harry hopes they can always be friends bickering and laughing together, talking the hours away.

He begins calling Draco for anything and everything, finding any excuse to see the unjustly attractive man. New urgent case file: must contact Draco to review it. Fortescues has a new ice cream flavor: must tell Draco and drag him to try it.

Even after five minutes, Harry misses Draco's infectious smile, the way he scrutinizes Harry and always speaks his mind.

Harry wants to spend every single minute living, breathing, and licking Draco.

Eventually, Harry starts hoping they can just *be together*.

Nope, Nopity Nope

Nope, nopity nope.

Harry cannot let these feelings grow. He knows Draco doesn't feel the same.

Draco may smile dazzlingly when he finds Harry's joke particularly amusing, but he's also seen Draco laugh charmingly with Parkinson's mouth at his ear.

So perfect and posh, Harry can barely stand to look at him.

Therefore, when Draco invites him to the latest Muggle movie because he heard it had talking animals, Harry says, "Sorry, I have plans."

And, when Draco asks him if he's going to the Auror's weekly pub crawl, Harry says, "Not today." What Harry really means is he doesn't want to get drunk and spill his overflowing feelings to an appalled Draco.

Not today, not ever.

He stops calling Draco at all hours. He mopes around while Hermione fusses and Ron remains oblivious.

He envies Ron and Susan working effortlessly together while his interactions with Draco become awkward and stiff.

Finally, after a grueling case when they're the last two remaining at the office and Draco heads out with a "Goodnight" called over his shoulder, Harry says, "'Night Malfoy," and winces at the coldness in his voice.

He watches Draco's face fall.

Draco doesn't contact him for a week.

Owls Are Highly Intelligent Creatures

Owls are highly intelligent creatures: extremely loyal and able to follow specific instructions. They're also annoyingly persistent.

Harry wishes this wasn't the case.

Draco's enormous owl clings to Harry's shoulders and doesn't let go. Its claws sink into his skin as it waits for a response to Draco's eloquent letter that kindly said:

Dear Potter,

What the fuck is your problem?

This better not affect our next mission. If something goes wrong because of it, don't expect me to come rescue your angsty arse.

Whatever your problem is, get over it.

Harry plans to do just that: get over him.

Potter Is No Longer Potter

Potter is no longer Potter. He is Harry.

Somewhere in between watching muscular legs sprint ahead of him and secretly passing notes at the office, Potter has become Harry. Even Weasley and Granger are now Ron and Hermione.

He thought they were actually becoming friends. Harry certainly invited him out enough times to justify the title.

That is, until Harry started acting coldly and ignoring him.

Draco really shouldn't be upset about this. A supportive friend would give Harry space to work on whatever problem he's going through.

However, Draco is confused, unsettled, and he misses Harry, goddamnit.

So he acts like any mature adult in an emotional conflict.

He complains to his mother.

Then sends a strongly worded letter and tells his owl not to release Harry until he responds. Even still, Draco isn't expecting a response, so he's extremely surprised to receive Harry's letter.

Dear Malfoy,

I won't be saying this often, but you're right. I'm sorry I've been such a git lately.

But I promise I won't allow "my problem" to affect our work.

By next week, I'll be over it.

Draco stares at the messily scrawled words.

Somehow, receiving Harry's response doesn't make him feel better.

Quidditch in the Rain

Quidditch in the rain is never fun.

Watching quidditch in the rain is even less fun.

Not watching and merely standing in the rain isn't fun at all and, quite frankly, terrible.

"You know you can share my umbrella, Malfoy."

"I'm fine, Potter."

On the bright side, Harry is no longer ignoring him. On the dark side, Harry is treating him like a stranger, polite yet distant.

Draco isn't sure which is worse.

They wait in stilted silence for the Holyhead Harpies' match against the Chudley Cannons to start. They're supposed to be catching a group of Dark artefacts enthusiasts who trade under the cover of Quidditch memorabilia.

An easy catch-them-and-stun case.

Which is fortunate, because Ron'll be too distracted watching his sister fly against his favourite Quidditch team to be any help.

Shifting away, Draco points his wand towards his chest and mutters a warming charm. His rain-drizzled robes cling to his thin frame, weighing him down. It really is an oversight that the protective enchantments make Auror robes impervious to the actual *Impervius Charm*.

Even with strong spells, Draco is drenched and shivering within minutes.

He hopes the criminals appear soon, so he doesn't bloody freeze to death.

Running After Harry

Running after Harry never gets easier.

How Harry can dash ahead of him on his shorter legs will forever be a mystery to Draco.

Draco's lungs burn as he sprints determinedly through shocked fans and packed stands. He's so focused on not letting Harry's disheveled black hair disappear into the crowd that he doesn't notice the hooded figure jump out from around a corner and fling a hex at him.

Instantly weakened, Draco slips on the wet ground and promptly knocks his head on the hard stone.

The last thing he sees is Harry shouting and running frantically towards him.

Slimy Slippery Slytherins

“Slimy slippery slytherins, that’s what you’re worried about?” Ginny teases Harry in the locker rooms before the match.

“I quite like slippery things. Snakes are slippery.” Luna looks up momentarily then returns to reading her upside down Quibbler.

“Um, yes they are,” says Harry, bemused, a common feeling whenever he talks to Luna.

“Hermione’s told me all about your new relationship with Malfoy, or should I say *Draco?* ” Ginny continues, looking down at her sneakers as she laces them up, but he can feel her smirking behind her cascade of bright red hair.

“Don’t say it like that, Gin. We’re just friends.”

“Sure… like how Luna and I are *just* friends.” She looks up and winks outrageously at him.

Ginny skips over to Luna and gives her distracted girlfriend a loving peck on the cheek. Harry smiles at the display.

He leaves them be, before they forget his presence and start full-on snogging. It’s happened before.

Slimy slippery slytherins indeed.

He watches as Draco gets hit by an unseen hex and slips on the wet ground. A thud signals he banged his head as he fell.

Harry sends a stunner at the culprit, and hurriedly dashes to Draco’s prone form.

Touching

Touching his wrists, his neck, his face. Harry anxiously checks anything for a pulse.

He sets his umbrella to float above them and shield Draco's shivering body from the harsh rain.

Draco's unfairly long eyelashes flutter open.

"Are you alright? How do you feel?" Harry asks immediately.

"Fuck," responds Draco.

He struggles into a sitting position, Harry hovering beside him, and groans loudly.

"We need to take you to St. Mungo's," Harry says worriedly.

"No."

"But you're injured. You could—"

"No—no hospitals," Draco bites out, "I just need to rest."

"Fine," Harry huffs, "Where do you live? I'll Apparate you home."

"Can't Apparate. Head is spinning too much." Draco tenderly presses a hand to the bruised spot on his throbbing head.

"Well Malfoy, what do you suggest then?"

"Portkey?"

"Ron took the last one with Susan when her arm got cut and started bleeding everywhere."

"Wonderful," says Draco, not looking at all wondered by their lack of options. "Whatever, Potter. Just take me somewhere I can rest for a couple hours. As soon as my head stops spinning, I'll be able to Apparate home."

"Fine," Harry says, agitated and also relieved.

Trust Draco to be bossy even when injured.

Umbrellas Are Stupid

Umbrellas are stupid contraptions that Draco refuses to own when he has a perfectly capable wand to deflect water. All they do is block a tiny portion of his motionless body from rain. If he's walking or it's windy, *what is the point?*

There's an umbrella floating above him.

Draco blinks his eyes open and looks up at the umbrella that is definitely not his.

It's Harry's.

Shielding him, protecting him.

"Whatever, Potter," he says, because Harry could do whatever he wanted and Draco would let him.

That's how far gone he is.

That's how much Harry means to him.

Visiting a Dingy Muggle Hotel

Visiting a dingy Muggle hotel with a drooping Draco was not how Harry ever pictured spending a stakeout.

He quickly checks into the only empty room, trying not to draw attention to his companion's wobbly legs and pallid complexion. He hauls Draco through the lobby, into the rattling lift, and down the ghastly carpeted hallway towards room 232. Taking the key card from his pocket, he all but shoves Draco through the open door.

Draco goes willingly, landing unceremoniously on the single bed occupying the small room and falling asleep almost instantly.

Sighing in fond exasperation, Harry delicately removes Draco's soaked robes and tucks him under the covers.

Harry faces a dilemma. He should return to notify the back-up Aurors of what happened earlier, but he's also worried about leaving Draco alone with a concussion.

Just a few minutes to confirm Draco is okay and then he'll go back to work.

He gingerly sits down beside an unconscious Draco. Draco gravitates towards him in the bed, until he's curled up by Harry's thigh. Harry burns where Draco's head lolls against his side.

Hesitantly, Harry lifts a hand and cards it through soft blonde strands.

Draco sighs happily in his sleep.

Waking Up

Waking up is Draco's least favourite part of the day.

He's groggy, disorientated, and oftentimes his dreams feel so real he can't separate fantasy from reality when first regaining consciousness.

Take now, for example.

There's no way on Merlin's magical earth the strong arms wrapped around him are real. Or the press of a warm chest against his back. Or the tender nudge of a nose at the nape of his neck.

No, this isn't real.

Draco refuses to open his eyes and allow the blissful fantasy to evaporate.

As if sensing his distress, Harry shifts in his sleep. One arm reaches up to soothingly pet Draco's ruffled head. If Draco were a cat, he would be unashamedly purring under Harry's gentle ministrations.

Draco cautiously cracks open his heavy eyelids and blinks in disbelief.

This is, in fact, real.

So mesmerizingly real that he can count each hair on Harry's arm wrapped around him.

With the utmost care, Draco slowly turns his body until he's facing Harry in the bed.

Finally looking into Harry's face, he stares directly into surprised green eyes.

Harry, who is apparently not asleep and very real, leans forward and presses his chapped lips to Draco's.

eXpectations

Expectations are rarely exceeded by reality.

Except, Draco cannot imagine a more perfect experience. Harry's lips against his are exactly how he expected: rough and exacting and extravagantly lovely.

Exhaling slightly, Harry pulls back and examines Draco carefully. Draco is sure his exhausted face exhibits his exaggerated excitement, while Harry's expression exudes pure excessive want.

Experimenting with their new extreme closeness, Draco allows his fingers to explore Harry's exquisite dark locks. That Harry exists, is lazily extended in bed beside him, exchanging small smiles with him, is…

Excruciating… exasperating… extraordinary. Harry and his expert kisses are in one word…

Exceptional.

Yes, Hell Yes

Yes, hell yes.

Harry cannot fathom anything more incredible than Draco, here in this cramped bed pressed against him. He parts his lips and breathes in Draco's breath. He caresses Draco's face, his shoulders, his chest.

Draco moans in pleasure.

Harry's hand drifts lower, steadily massaging more of the beautiful man lying beside him. Harry's other hand tightens in Draco's hair, tilting his head to deepen the kiss further.

Draco groans in unrestrained pain.

Harry pulls away and studies Draco carefully. Although Draco visibly wants to continue, he winces in discomfort when he lifts his head from the pillow, trying to move closer to Harry again.

"Shit, my head."

"You did bang it pretty hard earlier."

Draco grimaces remembering his spectacular fall.

"Rain check?" Harry asks hopefully.

"How about no rain next time?"

"Agreed," Harry agrees. "I need to check in at the office. I accidentally fell asleep before giving them an update."

"I'll go with you."

"No need. You should go home and rest."

"Harry," Draco says resolutely. "We're partners. We'll go together."

"Robards is going to be pissed," Harry says as Draco dons his robes once more.

"Worth it," responds Draco, tentatively reaching for Harry's hand to Disapparate.

Zero Excuse

“ZERO EXCUSE.”

Harry and Draco cower before a livid Head Auror Robards.

“There is absolutely no acceptable reason for neglecting to contact someone. You could’ve been injured, kidnapped, KILLED. This is not what I expect from competent Aurors.”

He frowns at Harry, shuffling his feet nervously.

“Potter, you endangered both you and your partner by chasing after the suspects without backup. Flouting safety protocols and failing to communicate vital information on a case is unacceptable.”

His voice raises menacingly. “If this reckless behaviour continues, you may not be an Auror much longer.”

“But sir—”

Robards holds up a firm hand, halting Harry’s aghast protests.

Harry leaves Robards’s office in a huff of frustration.

To Draco, Robards says, “I hoped making you partners would minimize Potter’s rashness and help you gain more confidence in your skills, but this latest case was very disappointing.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” Draco says, ashamed.

“I still believe you two could be the best team this department’s ever had.”

His expression softens minutely. “Don’t disappoint me again, Malfoy.”

“We won’t, sir.”

“Good. Go rest and come back next week.”

“Yes, sir.”

Draco exits the office and searches for Harry, probably off sulking.

But Harry is already gone.

“HOW did you find me?"

“How did you find me? I didn’t think anyone knew where I lived.”

Harry stands on the doorstep outside Draco’s meager flat grinning sheepishly.

“Susan told me.”

“Damn, I should have thought of that.” Draco silently curses his best friend, the meddlesome bint.

“I hope you don’t mind that I stopped by.”

“No, no, it’s fine.”

“I just wanted to check in and make sure you were okay.”

“Yes, obviously I’m okay. Robards didn’t really have to give me the week off.”

To be honest, Draco is more than okay, with Harry here looking at him with that hopeful expression.

THE Point of No Return

The point of no return could have been when he woke up with Harry's arms wrapped around him in a dingy Muggle hotel room.

…but he's sure it was before that.

Maybe, it was when Harry raised his glass for a toast at a crowded bar.

Or, it was back in sixth year in an anguished bathroom when he hesitated to finish the vile curse he was spewing, knowing that hesitating would let Harry win.

Now that he thinks about it, it was probably all the way back in first year, waiting to be sorted. He held out his hand in friendship, only to be refused. And Harry Potter, the insufferable ridiculous amazing prat, never left his thoughts afterwards.

No.

THIS is the point of no return.

As Harry's strong brown hand comes up to gently cradle Draco's cheek.

"Draco, you sure you're okay now?" he says, staring intently into Draco's gradually reddening face.

"Yes, Harry. I'm fine… More than fine… Excellent. Superb."

"Oh, thank Godric," Harry says, and smashes his lips desperately to Draco's.

Draco stumbles backward before regaining his balance and impatiently dragging Harry into his meticulously kept flat.

They don't notice the door slamming loudly behind them.

ACTUAL Hands

Actual hands are on Harry's flushed skin, winding through his messy hair and sneaking under the hem of his shirt. Nimble fingers slide up his stomach and settle teasingly on his chest.

The lips pressed against Harry's are hungry, fierce, and so wickedly delicious that Harry immediately feels himself tightening in his trousers.

He forgets how to think; he forgets how to breathe. He can only remember Draco's wet insistent lips, devouring Harry's breathless moans and consuming Harry's every thought.

Gasping apart, Harry dips his head and brings his mouth to Draco's long, white, soon-to-be-marked neck.

Draco moans in pleasure.

He tilts his blonde head back, exposing more of his slender throat.

Eager hands circle Harry's waist and slide down to pull him closer. Harry's hips jerk forward until his entire body is pressed tightly to Draco's. He ruthlessly crushes Draco against the wall.

Draco groans in unrestrained bliss.

Trailing his tongue up Draco's neck, he stops to leisurely suck at his earlobe.

In a gravelly voice he whispers directly into Draco's ear, causing both of them to shiver in anticipation.

"Bed. Now."

Without so much as a blink of his unfairly long eyelashes, Draco Apparates them to his bedroom.

FUCK

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fuck.

HOW THE ACTUAL FUCK is this really happening?

Draco can hardly believe it.

As Draco comes, he doesn't see fireworks exploding across his vision. He doesn't see stars or the meaning of life.

He sees Harry. Flushed, sweaty, and ecstatically happy.

Draco pulls Harry's face closer and their lips meet, slow and sweet, like they have all the time in the world. Everything they haven't said, all the unspoken devotion and unexpressed emotions, they pour into this long lingering kiss.

Harry breaks apart and looks at Draco with a blindingly bright smile.

Yes, Draco's done *very* well for himself.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading my first Drarry fic! I will probably be adding more to the story at some later point in time, perhaps upping the rating as well (*wink wink*), and likely be continuing with the drabble theme. Although, I may branch out into longer drabble types. It's way harder than I originally thought to write exactly 100 or 200 word chapters, but somehow I managed through lots of backspacing and editing.

Kudos and comments are most definitely welcome. I love reading reactions and getting constructive criticism, as well as writing suggestions and fic recommendations. See you soon, maybe? 886 :)

Works inspired by this one

Impervius, Not by lumosatnight - a Podfic by Cailynwrites

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!